

VOLUME XVIII. No. 9

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

NOVEMBER 27, 1927

"COME on, if you're going with me," Clyde Beach called to his friend, Gilbert Pace, who was reluctant to join him.

Clyde was a ludicrous sight. His hair was tousled and he was barefooted. His clothing consisted of a faded blue shirt and a pair of trousers. But the laughable part was the large draw net which he held in his right hand. It was so large that he could hardly walk and carry it without getting all snarled up in the meshes.

Gilbert walked slowly toward him. "Don't go down and feed your pelican this morning. That isn't any fun."

"But it's fun to me, and you ask me to do things that I don't like to do," Clyde returned.

Gilbert drew Clyde to one side and pointed a finger toward the horizon. "Do you see that point off there as far as you can see?"

Clyde looked over Big Bay and toward its mouth, which entered into the Gulf of Mexico, and nodded.

"Let's take my motor canoe and go over there," Gilbert suggested.

"But I must feed Brownie first. He'd be disappointed if I didn't show up."

Gilbert snorted his disgust. "All right then, let's get it done with."

The two boys hurried down the street toward the water front.

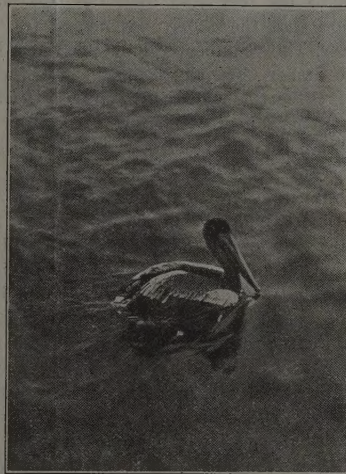
"Isn't this a great morning for a ride on the bay!" Gilbert exclaimed enthusiastically. "When I grow up I'm going to be a great sea captain. What are you going to be?"

"I'm going to own a big pet shop," Clyde returned readily. "I'm going to have everything in it from monkeys to a little black bear."

Gilbert could not understand his friend's fondness for pets. They were well enough to tease or to throw stones at so that they would run, but to devote all of one's time to them was another thing. He would rather go in swimming or play baseball. The boys reached a pier which led out into the

The Pelican's Call

By Merritt L. Allen



deep water of the bay. The sea gulls were flying about in the air and uttering their weird cries. Several brown pelicans were bobbing up and down on the choppy surface of the water. They were after their breakfast.

"I don't see your friend Brownie," Gilbert chided. "I'll bet he isn't looking for you this morning."

"Oh, but I do!" Clyde returned with

sparkling eyes. "There he sits over there on the piling. Isn't he a big fellow though? He has a wing spread of ten feet, and his bill is nearly eighteen inches long."

Clyde looked over the railing and spied a school of shiners. He dropped his net in their midst and when he drew it up, it took the combined effort of the two boys to pull it up out of the water. The bottom was covered with a flopping mass of small fish.

"Now you watch Brownie!" said Clyde.

He whistled loudly with a sharp and peculiar trill to it. Gilbert saw the big bird lift its head high and draw up his feet as if ready for a spring. Again Clyde gave the signal, and this time the dignified bird flapped from his seat. He circled about the boys for a time and then gliding through the air alighted on the rail in front of Clyde.

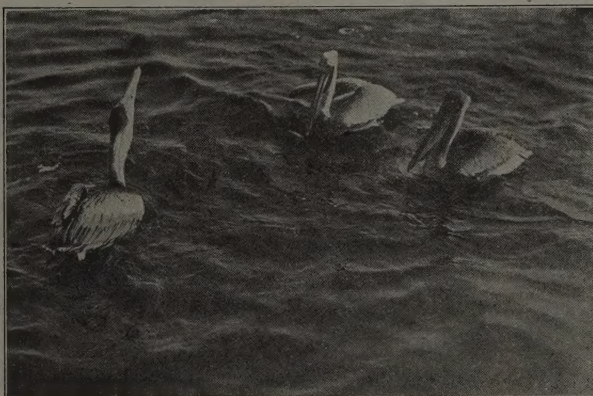
"What do you know about that!" Gilbert exclaimed. "Now why didn't he come to me? Do you suppose he knows you?"

"Of course he does," Clyde replied proudly. "He knows he can depend on me. When I give that whistle, he comes to me like a trained dog."

Gilbert tried to coax the pelican to come over where he was standing, by dangling a fish from his fingers, but Brownie would not leave Clyde.

"All right, Brownie, I've showed you off, now you can have your breakfast," and Clyde dropped a fish down into the water.

Brownie held himself on level wings for a moment and then pitched to the water. He scooped up the fish in his huge, depending pouch which formed a regular scoop-net. He cocked his head to one side and blinked his eye as if asking for more and thanking his boy-friend for his kindness. Brownie continued to fill his pouch as Clyde tossed the fish in the water, and when it was full, the pelican paddled underneath the pier. There he would be free to devour his gift of fishes without any in-



Photographs by Marc N. Goodnow

Watching for a Bite

terference from the hungry seagulls.

Gilbert had been interested at first, but now he began to show his impatience.

"All right, Clyde, you've fed him. Take your net home and we'll go for a ride in the 'Sunbeam'."

It was not long before the boys were dancing over the water in Gilbert's canoe to the tune of the "put-put" of the outboard motor. It was a glorious day and the spirit of adventure tingled in their veins. For two hours they headed toward the mouth of the bay, and then they could hear the moan of the surf on the beach.

"Let's not go any further," Clyde said nervously. "Those big waves on the Gulf will swamp this little boat."

"Oh, ho!" Gilbert sneered. "You'd never make a sailor. I'm not afraid."

"I don't want to be a sailor," Clyde answered him. "I'm going to have a pet shop."

The boys finally compromised, and Gilbert ran his canoe into a sheltered bayou. From there they walked across a sandy waste to the beach on the Gulf. They walked up and down, picking up numerous shells of all shapes and sizes. They did not notice the dark cloud which had arisen on the horizon until the cool wind began to blow rather briskly through their thin shirts.

"We'd better be getting home," Clyde said anxiously.

Gilbert merely nodded his head and started on a run across the beach toward his canoe. Clyde had hard running to keep up with him. He wondered now if his friend was quite as brave as he had always made out. When they reached the canoe, Gilbert jumped in and fumbled about the engine with nervous hands.

"You look scared to me," Clyde chided him.

"You'd be scared too, if you knew what those clouds mean," Gilbert said sharply.

In a short time, the engine was going and they were skipping over the white caps. Then the waves began to break into the canoe, and Clyde had to work hard to keep the water bailed out. Clyde noticed that his friend was not steering directly toward the pier.

"You're way off on your bearings, Gilbert!"

"No I'm not. I'm headed for Brush Key. If we can make that, we'll be in the lee of the storm and can make better time."

"Why, that's the federal bird sanctuary!" Clyde exclaimed. "I'll bet the birds don't like this storm any more than we do. They'll be coming home early to-night."

"What do you mean, home?" Gilbert questioned with a puzzled frown between his eyes.

"Why, the pelicans all know that the

government has turned Brush Key into a home for them and that no one is allowed to go on it without the consent of the federal bird warden. After they have fished all day, they go there to spend the night."

A large wave splashed overboard, and Clyde was busy for a time bailing it out. They were approaching Brush Key, and Clyde pointed to the dark sky.

"Look, Gilbert, see the pelicans? There are hundreds of them coming home early in order to be there before the storm breaks."

Gilbert never answered his companion, for at this moment the "Sunbeam" rushed on a treacherous sand bar. Both boys were thrown off their feet. Gilbert was slightly stunned when his head struck against the gunwale. Clyde hastily helped him to his feet, and then the two boys found that the canoe was nearly full of water. The "Sunbeam" had smashed a big hole in her bow. Clyde looked at Gilbert, and Gilbert looked at Clyde. They were frightened and bewildered.

"Look!" Clyde cried. "We can't stay here for fear the waves will wash us off. We must swim to Brush Key."

Gilbert nodded and plunged into the water followed by Clyde. They had a hard time of it, but they took their time and finally waded up on the shore. The birds began to circle about them and to cry their protest. The noise they made was worse than the howling of the storm.

"Lie down and remain perfectly still, and they will soon get used to us," Clyde suggested.

Gilbert thought a better method would be to pick up shells and throw at them in an attempt to scare the birds away. He soon found, however, that Clyde's idea was the best. Now the boys were faced with a problem. How were they going to get off the island? Their canoe was wrecked and lost.

"Oh, we'll have to stay here all night and some fisherman will pick us up in the morning," Gilbert said unconcernedly.

But Clyde was not so sure. Trespassers never knew when the warden might happen along, and they did not care to be under the suspicion of having been on the Key.

"It may be days before anyone finds us," Clyde said with a catch in his voice.

"Hub!" Gilbert sneered. "That's too bad! I suppose you're worrying because you can't feed Brownie tomorrow morning."

Clyde sprang to his feet. "Gilbert, do you suppose . . ."

Clyde began a frantic search through his pockets and then he looked at his friend thoughtfully.

"Let me have your necktie — it's worth trying — it's a nice bright color."

"I don't know what you're up to, but here it is. Think you're going to try and signal with that?"

Clyde only laughed at his companion. He wiped his lips dry and then gave a loud whistle with the sharp trill to it. Again and again he gave the signal with which he called Brownie to his breakfast.

"He won't come," Gilbert said discouragingly, "and even if he does, he's no homing pigeon."

But Clyde continued to give his call. Then a large pelican detached himself from the others and dropped awkwardly at Clyde's feet. He was extremely dignified, and Brownie seemed to understand that something unusual was taking place. He allowed his friend to tie the necktie on his neck without any protest, but he seemed mystified when there were no fish forthcoming.

"Clyde!" Gilbert cried, "that's a good idea, but how would it be if we kept the birds flying about. If the warden saw it, he would come over here to find out what the trouble was."

After a moment's thought, Clyde nodded his head. "I hate to disturb them, but they'll get over it."

It was a miserable night for the boys, to say the least. Every half hour or so, they would run, stumbling and falling about the island until the pelicans and sea gulls would raise such a noise that they must have been heard on the mainland. They would hardly get settled before the boys would be among them again, shouting and throwing anything that happened to be handy.

At the first streak of daylight, the pelicans began to leave their sanctuary in order to get their breakfast. The boys stood upon the shore and watched over the water in an agony of suspense. They knew that their parents would be out looking for them, and Clyde hoped that the bright-colored necktie about Brownie's neck would attract someone's attention. An hour passed, then two hours.

"There's someone coming!" Clyde finally cried.

Relief was coming, for the two specks which Clyde had spied soon proved to be two boats headed in their direction. After a long wait the boys could make out their fathers in one of the boats. Gilbert grabbed his friend about the shoulders, and the two boys began to dance up and down upon the beach.

"I guess your friend Brownie did the trick!" Gilbert exclaimed. "From now on I'm going to have pets, too. Perhaps you and I can have a pet shop together."

Clyde could hardly wait until his father clambered from the boat and waded ashore.

"Father, how did you know we were here?"

The two fathers smiled when they saw that their two sons were safe, and Clyde's father told them of their successful hunt.

"We couldn't do much last night but we organized a party down by the pier

A Christmas Social-Service Project

By M. Louise C. Hastings

AS the Christmas season draws near, teachers are thinking of "something different" to present to their classes as a project for Christmas giving. The main thing, of course, is to instill into every boy or girl a real love for the thing being done, — that is, bringing cheer into the life of some one else, and the work that they do helps to create this love.

For years we have been making scrap-books, and bags for candy, and numerous other things. They have proved acceptable and have carried love to many a shut-in, and the children have enjoyed doing the work; but, sometimes I think we, ourselves, have become very tired of scrap-books and candy bags! And it may be that the children, too, will welcome a new suggestion. While we may still carry cheer into a hungry life with old-time agencies, let us see if we cannot find a few new ways of doing the same blessed bit of kindness.

POSTCARD BUNGALOWS

To make these little bungalows you will need to begin a month before Christmas.

The bungalows are made of Christmas postcards or picture cards, all different, and with a different message on each card. Each bungalow will take fourteen postcards, and will cost just fourteen cents if you purchase the one-cent cards.

Paste the cards together, in sets of twos, making seven sets. Press over night, so that they will not come apart. Have ready a spool of green or red silk thread and large needles (large enough to carry the silk thread well).

One set will be the floor of the house, and to it will be sewed the two long sides, and two short ends. Sew the sides to the floor with basting stitches about a quarter of an inch apart, and then sew the sides together.

After the sides are sewed, cut the two ends into points so that each slant of the roof is the width of one end of a card. Sew the last two sets together, on the long edge. Then place on the roof, and sew three sides to the house. This leaves one part of the roof loose. This is not sewed at all, and lifts up and down.

It would be well to make a bungalow yourself before you start the boys and girls, if the children are very young. Otherwise, your class can follow directions as they work.

An older class of the Church School might make the bungalows, and all the children might contribute toward filling them, thus making a School project, instead of a class project. Then, too, on the Sunday previous to Christmas the houses might be placed on the platform during some part of a service on giving.

The houses might be taken to the different shut-ins or sick children by the class and double the joy given. Or the Lend-a-Hand Club might deliver them as a club or in groups.

What shall the bungalows be filled with? Here comes additional fun for the boys and girls. The houses may seem quite small, but really they contain space enough to take in a good many little bundles. It adds to the attractiveness of the inside if the different bundles are done up in bright-colored Christmas paper.

For elderly shut-ins be sure to include a box of peppermints, a pretty handkerchief, and a pencil or two. For boys and girls there are so many things to put in that you will not need any suggestions.

This postcard project does not necessarily need to be merely one for Christmas. It may be carried on through a whole year, using birthday cards or those for the various seasons.

Thanksgiving Day

By MARJORIE SEYMOUR WATTS

They said I should be thankful
Especially that day,
And I wondered how to do it
While I ran about at play.

I couldn't put my thoughts in words
No matter how I tried;
But perhaps a child is thankful
When he's very glad inside.

Colony Ways

By PRISCILLA STAPLES

Part III

IT was Saturday night. Supper was over and great-grandfather was polishing apples as he sat by the fireplace. And he was feeling very happy, not because he liked to polish apples and see what a nice bright shine he could make on them, but because Cousin John was there and, best of all, Cousin John was going to stay over night. He had come to spend the day with great-grandfather and when it had begun to snow so hard and the wind had begun to blow, great-great-grandmother decided that Cousin John had better stay over night. Even though it was only three miles home, it was a pretty long walk in the deep snow for a small boy. Great-grandfather and Cousin Jack had played and played together. They had been out to the barn to see the new calf and played hide-and-seek in the hayloft. They made a snow-man in the front yard and when supper time came they helped great-great-grandfather feed the cows. So just now they were feeling rather sleepy — as if the sandman were somewhere in the neighborhood. Great-great-grandmother was upstairs — you could hear her walking around up there, getting the beds ready, and pretty soon there came a funny noise as if she were rolling something on the floor. What do you suppose she was doing? Great-grandfather and Jack ran upstairs to see. Why, she was pulling out the trundle-bed from under the big bed and great-grandfather and Jack were going to sleep on it. It did look funny, — just a low wooden frame on little wooden wheels with rope stretched across it both ways for a spring. Great-grandfather and Jack didn't have to sleep on the spring, for

soon great-great-grandmother came with a mattress which was made of straw tucked into some burlap. It was rather humpy in spots but the boys didn't care; they wanted to get undressed and into bed right away. Great-great-grandmother said they must wait and get the bed warm first, so while she was putting on the blankets — hand-woven ones — the boys ran downstairs to get the bed-warmer, or warming pan, which was hanging near the fireplace in the kitchen, and while Jack held it by its long wooden handle great-grandfather lifted up the round brass lid and put some red-hot

coals from the fireplace into the round container underneath. Then they carried it up to great-great-grandmother and she ran it around between the blankets in the bed and "ironed" the bed so that when the boys got in they would find it nice and warm. And it didn't take the boys very long to get in. But do you suppose they went right to sleep? Not right away. They played that they were big giants walking over little hills on the bumpy mattress until finally the sandman came and knocked on their door and your great-grandfather and great-cousin Jack were in the "land of Nod!"

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

LEAVITT ST.,
HINGHAM, MASS.

Dear Editor: I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I read the letters from other children and enjoy them. I am very fond of the twisted puzzles. I am twelve years old and go to the oldest church of the United States; it's name is the "Old Ship." I should like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its pin.

Yours sincerely,
CONSTANCE BURR.

5810 JULIAN AVE.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dear Editor: We should like very much to become members of the Beacon Club. We go to the Church of the Messiah in St. Louis. Rev. Mr. Sullivan, our minister, gives a talk every Sunday in our Sunday school. We are very fond of him.

Sincerely yours,
FRANCES ESTELLE and
ROBERT VAN METER (Aged 12 and 11).

60 CRESCENT ST.,
GREENFIELD, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday School. My teacher's name is Mr. Smith. I should like to be a member of the Club and wear its pin. I am ten years old and should like to have some other boy of my age write to me.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM GRISWOLD.

15 GROVE ST.,
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like to belong to the Beacon Club. I live in Winchester. I am nine years old and am interested in baseball. All the boys in my class wish to belong to the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
EUGENE HAYNES.

3737 HUNTINGTON ST.,
CHEVY CHASE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Editor: I go to the Unitarian Sunday School in Washington. I try to get there every Sunday, but I live quite a distance away, so sometimes I fail to get there. I should like to belong to the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
MARGARET ABBE.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Our Young Contributors

The Gypsy Panaram

By ANN BROADHURST (AGE 10)

During the middle of the summer, our camp managers, "Aunt Helen" and "Mother McCoy," said we were to have a gypsy panaram. Everybody was very happy. For days we were planning what costumes we wanted to wear. Finally, the day came. Such a rush! At 10.30 the supply room opened for costumes. In the afternoon there was a great blow of the bugle. We all gathered and started off. We tramped for miles to reach our destination, Mike's Farm. Mike's is twelve miles from camp. We were nearly there when there were many howls and yowls and screams and screeches. The horse had upset some bees. I got stung, but it didn't hurt much. We had just turned in the driveway when "Topsy," the horse, upset the queen, Bud McCoy (the driver), and the wagon all in a heap, while she went frantically around the orchard.

Everybody soon arrived and we settled down for supper. We had steak sandwiches, cabbage, and fruit for dessert. Ice cream was bought and given out later. We started home about seven o'clock. It was about nine when we got to Mosier's ice-cream stand. We all had ten cents' worth of something. Then we walked on. Finally, we neared camp. When I got to my cabin I was ready for bed in no time. I am certain it was the happiest day of my camp life.

Luck

By JEAN R. KING (AGE 11)

It isn't luck which turns the world,
Or sways the trees on mountain top,
Or lights the heavens in the night,
Or makes the sun so golden bright:
Nor does it bring us wealth galore
As we sit by and wait for more:
Nor is it that which jogs along
And daily to us sings a song.
It isn't luck that makes things as they
are
Or wills us to a LUCKY star;
It doesn't matter what we do
It's not that Jinx that helps us through,
It's just merely up to you.

Puzzlers

Geographical Concealments

States

1. I remember when Ohio was a wilderness.
2. Albany, Denver, Montpelier and Boston are capitals.
3. Can the painter color a door green?
4. Was Handel aware that he was a great musician?

Rivers

1. Everything was in order when I left.
2. Oh, Ned, you did not tag us fair.
3. Do not let your anger rise!

Cities

1. He that ventures into the lion's den, verily he shall be slain.
2. Will Dinah bring home the washing tonight?
3. I told Hal if axes were dear not to buy any.
4. As we were getting over the stile, Ed's hat blew off. E. F. B.

Charade

My *first* is tint of cloudless skies
And also beautifies the eyes.

My *next*, a banner bright and grand,
Waves proudly, freely, o'er our land.

My *whole*, beloved by honeybee,
Is often called the Fleur-de-lis.

C. N. H.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 7

Missing Words.—spin, snip, nips, pins.

Twisted Names of Boys.—1. John.

2. Kenneth. 3. Frederick. 4. Forrest.
5. Leighton. 6. Edwin. 7. Howard.
8. Richard. 9. George. 10. Lawrence.

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 285 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.
Printed in U. S. A.